PS 635
Z9W731

Price 25 Cts.

When Paw-Paw County Went Dry

By Ticknor C. Williams

A thrilling drama of action, argument, banners, songs, procession and love, depicting how the "drys" won for temperance in a rural county against great odds. It contains stirring speeches, dramatic situations and lots of fun, in which a "goat" and a boy's "detective dog" figure. A drama true to life in every line and a powerful argument for temperance when given in an hour's entertainment. Eight males, three females. One hour and a half.

Copyright, 1911,
By March Brothers.

MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers
208, 210, 212 Wright Ave., Lebanon, O.

No Entertainments Exchanged.
No Entertainments sent on selection or subject to return.

An Anti=Saloon Play
A Washington Song
A Book of Dialogs

— BY —

ARCHIBALD HUMBOLDT

We publish no more important items than these. They are too new for our catalog.

The Saloon Must Go

An anti-saloon play. A powerful arraignment of the saloon, made into a most engaging dialog, with enough plot to carry it along. A terrific bombardment of hot shot, embracing facts, comparisons, logic, song and story. More effective than a dozen addresses. Should be used in every saloon fight, and made a part of every church and school entertainment. For high school pupils or other young folks. Two males, three females; Three-quarter hour. 15 cents.

The Song of the Hatchet

A humorous song for Washington's Birthday. It recounts the story and cites a parallel, also humorously points a moral. The range is suited to children's voices; the music is most pleasing. A climax for every Washington program. 25 cents.

School Plays for Festive Days

More than a score of the richest, spiciest original dialogs for all grades, from primary to high school, and for mixed grades. Some are instructive, some are ethical, most are humorous, all are practical, and every one is a winner. No costumes, stage settings or scenery required. Can be given on any stage with the best results. No other collection of plays so good, so practical, so enjoyable. 30 cents.

MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers,

208, 210, 212 Wright Ave., - Lebanon, Ohio

When Paw-Paw County Went Dry

By

Ticknor C. Williams

MARCH BROTHERS, *Publishers*
208, 210, 212 WRIGHT AVE., LEBANON, OHIO

PS635
.Z9W731

Copyright, 1911,
By
March Brothers.

© Cl. D 25278

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JONATHAN HARDIN, a school teacher.

TOBE HARRIS, a farmer.

ANSON SHIFTY, a lawyer.

ZEPHENIAH BATTLE, an old soldier who "carried the colors."

HANS HAUPTMANN, a German farmer.

TIM SULLIVAN, a saloon keeper.

MIKE CASTON, "for Pers'nal Liberty," who "never makes no hog of himself."

RALPH CASTON, Mike's son.

PETE MCKIM, Mike's pal.

JOSH WILLIAMS, a farmer.

JAMIE WILLIAMS, Josh's son, and Jamie's " 'Tective dog."

JACK BONE, Jamie's boy friend.

SARAH WILLIAMS, Josh's wife.

MRS. AMANDA MORGAN, widow, who manages her own farm.

JULIA STONEMAN, her niece.

A boy representing a goat, and bleating, "T-a-a-x-e-s!"

A procession and chorus with banners.

When Paw-Paw County Went Dry

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A roadway at "Cropper's Corners" near Josh Williams' house. Enter Jamie leading dog and talking to him. Pats him and puts his arms around dog's neck.

Jamie. Now, "Anti," don't you cry any more. I know it hurt. It's a shame! To think a big man like Tim Sullivan the saloon keeper ud hit you on the head with a club and make you howl for only waggin' your tail and lookin' up at him. And then you ran away from the saloon and came and rubbed your nose against my shins. But that's all over now, and I'm goin' t' 'dopt you and name you and call you "Anti-Saloon;" yes, I am. And I'll get a box for you to sleep in and set it near the door so's I can get to you easy if anything goes wrong with you in the night; and I'll feed you the leavin's from the table—chicken-bones and sich things uz that; and then I'll train you to follow the scent like

them 'tective dogs I was hearin' about. Won't we have lots o' fun tho' Anti? (Embraces dog.) (Enter Josh Williams.)

Josh Williams. What er you doin' with that dog here, Jamie? Aint I told you not to bring no more o' them hungry curs home? Let him go. (To the dog.) Git out. (But Jamie holds to the dog.)

(Enter Sarah Williams.)

Sarah Williams. Now, Josh, you're everlastin' crossin' that boy. What's he done now?

Josh. Why, he wants to keep that measly pup.

Sarah. And why not?. I saw the whole thing. The saloon keeper struck the dog so that he howled with pain—the poor thing—and ran to Jamie for protection. But that saloon keeper's chickens is sure "to come home to roost" fer clubbin' that poor dog. You just remember what I tell you. It was pitiful to see the brute rub against the little fellow's shins, and the boy cryin' in sympathy. That dog's affection means more to the boy than you think. You don't seem to know how lonely Jamie is since our Harry died. (Josh turns away and wells up. Jamie embraces the dog.) (Enter Pete and Mike.) You men don't seem to know what affection is, anyway. The boy's just dyin' for somethin' to love.

(Exit Josh and Sarah at R.)

Pete. (Looking at boy and dog.) Yep, there it goes again; women bossin' everythin'. So

your mammy lets you keep the dog, sonny, and your daddy ain't got nerve enough to kick him out, eh? But Tim, the saloon keeper, knows what to do with the brute when he comes nosin' 'round his back screen door. Didn't old Tim hit him a jolt, tho', Mike? But I guess the women's goin' to run this country by and by, if things keep a-goin' like they hez bin lately. (Cheering heard.) Here they're comin' now, Mike. Look at the fools, a-carryin' banners and a-singin' hymns!

(Mrs. Morgan and Julia enter with procession singing the chorus to "Vote Dry, Then!")*

Chorus—

Hurrah, hurrah! For men and banner, too!
Defend the right and battle for the true!
The people are determined saloons shall be put down.
Who'll down them? Our country's temp'rance voters.

1. From every state there comes the cry: "Saloons must be put down."
   From prairie wide and mountain high, from countryside and town.
   The people are determined that John Barleycorn must go.
   Who'll start him? Our country's loyal voters.

2. "Saloons debauch our politics," we hear the people say.
   "Corrupt our legislation and cause the law's delay."

---

* Part of this song may be omitted, if desired. Copies of song with music may be had of March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio, at 25 cents a copy.

Our flag that floats for freedom, shall we let them pull it down?
Defend it, ye loyal temp'rance voters!

(*Chorus.*)

3. We hear the widows weeping, we see the children's tears.
We know their pain and sorrow, we know their awful fears.
Then why should we bear longer, men, the curse that caused them all?
Who'll stop it? Our country's temp'rance voters.

(*Chorus, if desired.*)

4. What gang is solid for them, this blight upon our land?
The brewers, the distillers, the gamblers, the Black Hand;
Dishonest politicians, and the anarchists' red flag.
Now down them, ye loyal temp'rance voters!

(*Chorus.*)

(Procession goes out at L. singing Chorus.)

Shifty. Yes, this singing is all right; but these women and children can't vote; and they'd better be home tending to their business. I'm in favor of high license to lower our taxes. Eh, pedagog, what do you think about it?

Hardin. And I'm not. Instead of lowering taxes the saloon raises taxes and adds other burdens to the county besides. The twenty-two saloons in Paw-Paw County take in about $10,000 apiece each year—or $220,000 in all—most of which is lost to the county. And for every dollar a man wastes for liquor he wastes a dollar in time loafing and loitering about the

saloon—I mean, of course, on an average—another dollar he wastes "getting" over it, and then another dollar's worth of time is lost by the family in waiting and caring for him. That's four dollars! And, too, he loses a dollar's profit on his labor; and the loss from neglect of business, crops, live stock, and from personal injuries would surely make another dollar. There's *six dollars* lost for every dollar's worth of liquor sold! Multiply this yourself. Six times $220,000 is $1,320.000! Nearly a million and a half. And what does the saloon pay back to the county for all this? *Only a little over $4,000! Think of it!* As a business proposition, would you accept $4,000 for $220,000 and allow a man to injure you to the extent *of five times that much besides?* And yet we hear this talk about saloons saving taxes!

(Goat walks in front of stage bleating, "T-a-x-e-s? T-a-x-e-s!") (Laughter.)

Even the goat laughs at the joke of the saloon saving taxes! Yes, the liquor interests are wily fishermen. They offer you $4,000 as a worm on their hook and they are fishing for that $220,000 in hard cash. They expect the county to bear the loss of the balance of the million dollars without complaint, and then they make you keep up the poorhouse, the criminal courts, the jails, and support the families of the drunkards in the townships besides! That's the way they fish! *Are you their sucker? If not, vote dry!*

Shifty. Where did you get those figures?

Hardin. From the courthouse. And the estimates of the losses suffered from the saloon are based upon the opinions of thoughtful citizens throughout the county who have been studying this question right at home.

Josh. "Figures won't lie," Shifty, as the sayin' is.

Hardin. But even if they did lie—even if the saloon caused no losses—would you be bribed to do your neighbor harm by taxes?

Shifty. How does taxes bribe anybody?

Hardin. In this way. The total amount of tax paid in Paw-Paw County last year was $220,000; and the amount of license paid by the saloons to the *county* was $4,000. Now this saloon license money when distributed among the taxpayers amounts to only two cents on every dollar of tax. Isn't that right? So that if a man pays $1 in tax he saves *two cents* by having the saloon license. You say to the saloon keeper: "You go up to the courthouse and pay two cents on every dollar of my tax, and *I'll vote wet.*" Isn't that a bribe? What's the difference? Are you a two-cent man? I wouldn't sell out so cheap!

Josh. "That's a-goin' some" as the sayin' is.

(Goat walks in front of stage bleating, "T-a-x-e-s, T-a-x-e-s!")

Shifty. But putting out the saloons won't stop all this.

Hardin. It will stop the most of it.

Shifty. But here comes Hans. (Enter Hans.) He's a wet man, you bet. I never saw a good German who wasn't. (Pats Hans on the back, confidently.) Well, Germany, you don't believe we've got a right to vote out the saloon—to vote out our neighbor's business, do you?

Hans. (Surprised.) You call dot von pizness? A pizness, shuunks! All dey've got vas two kegs, von blank to sit on and a blace fer der drunks ter puke; and all der time a causin' drubble, drubble, drubble. You call dot von pizness? A pizness, shuunks!

(Laughter from "drys.")

Mike. Come off, Dutch, you don't know what you're talkin' about.

Pete. I don' believe in anybody a-tellin' me what shall I eat and drink. I'm fur Pers'nal Liberty.

Hardin. So am I for Personal Liberty.

Mike. Whoopee! He's comin' 'round on our side.

Hardin. Not by any means, Mike. I believe in Personal Liberty; but not in personal license. I have seen you break stone on the roads. You have the liberty to raise your hammer to break stone, but not the license to bring it down on your neighbor's head. No one has a right to conduct a business which will injure another. The saloon breaks the heads and it breaks the hearts of our fellowmen.

Shifty. Aw, that's all sentiment, all woman-talk!

Mike. Shure, it is!

Pete. All bosh!

Shifty. I don' believe in a man that is a man going around tied to a woman's apron string. (Laughter from wets.)

Hardin. And I don't believe in a man that is a man standing tied to a saloon keeper's beer pump. (Laughter from "drys.")

Mike. Listen to the guy! (Pete approaches Hardin angrily.)

Pete. He never seen a beer pump! (Suggests something to Mike.)

Hardin. Now, as you know, I tried to keep out of this argument. But you forced me into it. However, I see it is useless; "for a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

Pete. Listen to the buy, a-quotin' Scriptur' already!

Mike. Let's rush him now?

Pete. And "do him up!"

(Pete and Mike start at Hardin, shove him, strike at him, etc. But Zeph. takes a hand and deals them blows with his crutch.)

Zeph. No you don't; this yere's a country of free speech. I ain't a sayin' that I'm a dry man; but this yere young feller's got a right to be heerd. (Deals Pete a blow. Pete retreats, feels his arm.) Cut it out! Youse fellers nagged him to answer your argufyin', and he's a knockin' the spots off of yer, and so yer wants to stop him by foulin' him under the

belt. (General scrap.) (Zeph. remains victor of the field and is proud of it.) Nothing like that goes. (Out of breath.) Yer don't come any sich shinannigin' while old Zeph. what carried the colors up Mission Ridge is yere ter brain yer wid his crutch. No, siree! Fair play's the thing. Pers'nal Liberty to every feller to argify as he pleases. Hot zickety! I'm fer Pers'nal Liberty!

(Walks as victor proudly in front of stage.)

Shifty. That's what I don't like about this here temperance agitation. It makes enemies.

Hardin. Enemies indeed! Did you ever know any good cause that didn't make enemies? The man that fights a burglar makes an enemy of the thief to protect his home. And why should we fear to make an enemy of the saloon which threatens the peace of the whole community?

Zeph. (Getting excited.) Hot zickety! That's the way to shoot it into 'em!

(Zeph. looks proud, struts some, and passes near Mike. Mike blinks his eyes in fear of Zeph's crutch.)

Mike. I ain't a-goin' to stay if Zeph. Battle's a-goin' ter start a "rough house."

Zeph. I ain't *a startin'* no rough house. I was only a *stoppin' one.*

(All exeunt except Hardin and Zeph.)

Hardin. (Laughing and putting his arm on shoulder of Zeph. and shaking his hand.) Well, Zeph, I want to thank you. You surely "shoul-

dered your crutch and showed how fields were won." Those fellows would have injured me if your crutch hadn't interfered.

Zeph. It did come pretty handy, didn't it? Tell ye, pedagog, them wets ain't in it wid ye when it comes to argufyin'. Ye had 'em shot all to pieces afore they even got loaded up. I want to tell ye, I'm wid ye. I'm wid ye, I say, 'cause I never heerd it put so strong. And I'm a-goin' to stay wid ye. And when old Zeph. Battle what carried the colors up Mission Ridge says a thing, you bet it's true. I'm wid ye!

Hardin. Shake, Zeph! That's the way to talk! We'll be comrades in this campaign. Forty men with the soldier spirit like you if they made up their minds to put out the saloons would run them to the tall timber in forty days. Wrong is always cowardly. And the right ought to make a man brave; for you know: "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just, and he but naked, though locked up in steel, whose quarrel with injustice is corrupted." All the saloons want is a man's money; and they care little what misery they cause a man or his family to get it.

Zeph. Most people's a-feerd to jine agin 'em, a-feerd o' losin' somepin'. I ain't, though. (Nods his head emphatically.)

Hardin. That's it exactly. And what are they afraid of? When these people who are so scared see how strong the Anti-Saloon people

are they will fall in with us like a flock of sheep.

Zeph. "Right you are."

(Exit Zeph. at R. Enter Julia at L.)

Julia. Oh, Mr. Hardin, I was afraid those men would kill you. And—we—ah—need such men as you so much.

Hardin. I'm not hurt a bit. (Laughing.) And Julia-uh-ah-Miss Stoneman, Zeph. Battle and his crutch were a host in themselves, weren't they? As good as Napoleon's artillery!

Julia. But Mr. Hardin, Aunt Amanda—Mrs. Morgan—sent me back to invite you to come to the Red Rock School House to-night to an Anti-Saloon rally. If Mr. Tobias Harris will come, bring him also. For we would like to get some representative citizens to attend the meeting and take part, too, if they will.

Hardin. I thank you, Julia-ah, u-Miss Stoneman (smiles confusedly). I will try to get him to come. (Julia starts; but returns a little embarrassed.)

Julia (returning). And I almost forgot. She said to invite you both to tea this evening before the meeting.

Hardin. That will be a rare treat. You're sure of two men at least in sympathy with the cause; for you know the old saying: "The way to a man's heart is thru' his stomach."

Julia. We'll expect you, then. Good-bye!

Hardin. Good-bye! (Exit Julia at L.) Well, that's something else. "The way to a man's heart." I ought not to have said that. All she wants is our heads in the temperance cause, not our hearts, for anything. But I begin to suspect she might get both of mine. How bewitching she looked! And what control she has over those children! She can set an extra place for me whether *"Mr. Tobias Harris"* goes or not. (Repeating.) *"Mr. Tobias Harris."* That's a good one on Tobe. I'll have to tell him.

(Enter Tobe Harris at R.)

Tobe. Well, Hardin, you're right about this liquor business, and I've made up my mind to vote dry. Just think of it, for a man that's always been used to a little nip o' snake-bite medicine every time he goes a-fishin'. Ain't I reformed, though!

Hardin. Shake, Tobe? I'm glad to hear of it; but what converted you?

Tobe. Well, you see I hired Mike Caston to take in a load of corn to town. He went with it; but he got drunk, and the team ran away coming home. My big gray colt ran into a barbwire fence, and he cut himself up so he had to be killed. $200 gone! Well, as you was a-sayin' that 'd pay some taxes, too!

Hardin. Well, Tobe, I'm very sorry. That was a strapping fine colt and a "single liner," too. But you'll have to take off those harvest togs and "spruce up" a bit.

Tobe. Not if I know myself. I'm goin' fishin' down to Coffeen's dam.

Hardin. But Miss Julia Stoneman was just here, and she said that her aunt, Mrs. Amanda Morgan desired "Mr. *Tobias Harris*" and myself to come to supper at her home to-night and then go with them afterwards to the Temperance Rally at the Red Rock School House.

Tobe. (Proudly.) "Mr. Tobias Harris!" Why, that must be the *long* fer "Tobe!" That's me! (Slowly and with emphasis.) Well, then Hardin, I *ain't* a-goin' a-fishin'. (Looks at his clothes.) And Hardin, I will have to "spruce up" a bit. These glad rags *do* look a little weathered. Say, Hardin, what else did the widder want said to me?

Hardin. Nothing. (Smiling knowingly at Tobe's interest.) She's keeping the rest to say to you herself.

Tobe. Let her say! Ain't she a pippin, tho', Hardin?

Hardin. She is indeed. But I believe you are going to have something to say to her soon; eh, Tobe?

Tobe. Never you mind. Now then "Mr. Tobias Harris" will have to get his best duds on fer the occasion. (Stretching his mouth to pronounce his name.) "Mr. Tobias Harris!" My, that's a jaw-breaker! (Straightens himself up proudly and strokes his chest.) "Mr. Tobias Harris!"

Hardin. (Laughing.) *He* must be a very important personage. But good luck, "Tobias." And here comes that oily snake-in-the-grass Shifty. I'll be going. I'll meet you here "Tobias" at six o'clock.

(Enter Shifty at R.)

Shifty. Well, Tobe, how d'ye think the election's going?

Tobe. Don't know. It couldn't go much wetter than it is already.

Shifty (confidently). That's it. She's goin' wet sure. Yes, so many of these dry fellows have sold out to the wets. About 400, they say. (Looks about cautiously.) Say, Tobe, we've always been good friends. And I don't want to miss anybody what's next to me. How much will it take to make one more wet vote?

Tobe. How much are you payin'?

Shifty (eagerly). Fer your vote there's a ten-spot right now, and most of them have cost me only two. Are you in? (Exhibiting roll of bills.)

Tobe. (Growing enraged.) Am I in? What was I born the son of Josiah Harris for; why did my great grandfather fight in the Revolution against tyranny and my father against slavery if they put no more honor in my blood than to sell my vote to the saloons for ten dollars?

Shifty. But it's easy money, Mr. Harris!

Tobe. "Mr. Harris," eh! I'll "Mr. Harris" yuh. Get off this earth. (Starts for him.)

You hound o' hell, afore I mash your petty-foggin' nose into your brass cheek! Make tracks, you scoundrel, and mighty quick, too! (Shifty exits at R.) See the rascal git! If every dollar was a gold mine the villain couldn't make me fergit the words of that good old Mother who used to say: "Life every man holds dear; but the dear man holds honor far more precious dear than life."

(Enter Hans laughing at R.)

(Speaking slowly.)

Hans. Eh, Tobe, vat vas de matter mit dot Schifty runnin' like dot Schamy's dog vas after him already? I axed him: "Schifty, vy not valk schlow?" Schifty, he said, he must kotch de train yet. Och, he vas von pig fraud, dot Schifty vas, ain't it, Tobe?"

Tobe. Yes, he is a rascal; but I will tell you later why he ran so fast. I must go now. (Exit at L.)

Hans. Dot Schifty runnin' so fast! I bet Tobe skeert him a leedle!

(Exit at L. laughing.)

(Enter Tim and Pete at R.)

Tim. Yep, youse fellers, if you wants a decent place to come to o' nights hez got ter git busy and stop this yere infernal shootin' off about saloons. The women and crazy men ez all takin' it up, and some of our fellers ez jinin' the band o' Anti-Saloon people. There's Zeph. Battle a gittin' out and a blowin' his bazoo for temp'rance, and 'taint been two weeks sence I tuk him out o' the back room in my

place and he'ped him home dead drunk. That's thanks fer my pains, ain't it? Peers like the more we fellers does fer sich people the more they turns agin us.

Pete. And Josh Williams, they say, is dead agin us, too.

Tim. Yep, Josh ain't a-sayin' much. When Zeph. asked him how the election wuz a-goin' Josh said, "I ain't a sayin' a word, boys, I ain't a sayin' a word."

Pete. But old Josh kin do a heap o' 'lection-eerin' when he wants to. Lots o' people's sayin' she's goin' dry, Tim?

Tim. You needn't worry 'bout it's ever goin' dry. Wilson, the brewer's agent—the feller what dresses so fine and wears diamond rings and shirt studs—was up yere and he left the coin with the right people to pass around fer dry votes. There's *four hundred* "fixed" already. See?

Pete. That'll do her.

Tim. But suthin' else hez got to be done. Suthin' to skeer 'em. I ain't a sayin' as about killin' and burnin'. But suthin's got to be done ter skeer 'em right. Some people's gittin' too fresh 'bout us Pers'nal Liberty fellers, workin' their jaws too much agin' saloons.

Pete. That's right, Tim. The thing ter do is ter knock a few o' 'em down er burn 'em out. That there'll stop 'em.

Tim. Why not Widder Morgan's barn? She's bossin' the job agin us. And they's nobody

there—no men folks—ter take her part. And that there young upstart Hardin, let's git him. Say, Pete, she's all mapped out if a match and coil ile 'll do her.

Pete. Well, Tim, I never go back on my friends.

(Enter Mike at R., staggering. Hans following him. Mike falls.)

Hans. (Ironically.) Vy, vat vas de matter mit Mikeel?

Tim. Aw, go on, Germany.

Hans. Vy, vat vas de matter? Mikeel, he *neffer makes von hog mit himself.* No, no; not *von* hog. He makes der *whole schtock yards!* (Laughs.) Dot fine pizness, Tim's saloon! Dot's a fine pizness! A pizness, skunks.

Tim. Look a yere, Germany, now don't make fun of a man when he's down.

Hans. Vel, you put him down; vy don't you got him up? You vas so vet mit him, too! Be goot friends mit him! No, he "neffer makes von hog mit himself!" No, dot's a fine pizness! A pizness, skunks!

(Tim and Pete pick Mike up and go out with him at L.)

(Enter Jamie, Jack and dog at R. while they are picking Mike up.)

Hans. Dot's right, pick him up. He's so schleepy, Mikeel vas so schleepy!

(Exit Hans at R.)

Jack. Jamie, I wonder what do men ever get drunk for?

Jamie. (Musing on Mike's condition.) I don't know, 'les' it's so's they can puke and see snakes and then go home and beat their wives, their children and their dogs. That's what Zip McCoy does, anyway. (Turns to dog and caresses him.) They won't beat you any more, though, will they "Anti." Now "Anti" you followed that cattle scent mighty well. That's a good doggie. (Caresses him.) Jack, let "Anti" get a sniff of your shoes and then run off and hide; and we'll see if he can find *you* out by the scent. Hurry up. (Jack rubs his shoes against the dog's nose and goes out.) Now, "Anti," he's hid; take the scent and find him. (Exeunt at R.) (Sounds of "Vote Dry, Then" are heard as Jamie and dog go out. Enter procession, with Mrs. Morgan and Julia, singing chorus of "Vote Dry, Then.) (Zeph., Josh, Tobe and Hardin enter, following them, at L.)

Chorus—

Hurrah, hurrah! For men and banner, too!
Defend the right and battle for the true!
The people are determined saloons shall be put down.
Who'll down them? Our country's temp'rance voters.

5. They prate of "Pers'nal Liberty" and "Taxes," as you know.
But liquor runs up taxes to pay for liquor's woe.
And who has any liberty to cause another's pain?
Then oust them, ye loyal temp'rance voters!

(*Chorus ad libitum.*)

6. Saloons are but the shelters of lawlessness and crime.
Assassins of two presidents they sheltered in our time.
And shall they shelter longer all the enemies of peace?
Then down them, ye loyal temp'rance voters!

(*Chorus ad libitum.*)

7. "You've got no right to stop us," is their defiant cry.
"Our's is a legal business; our rights you can't deny!"
But "We, the people," make the laws, our ballots are what count.
Vote dry, then, ye loyal temp'rance voters!

(*Chorus ad libitum.*)

8. Columbia fears no foes without; but ah, the foes within!
They fight the institutions that our fathers fought to win.
Shall churches, homes and schools be threatened longer by saloons?
Vote dry, then, ye loyal temp'rance voters!

(*Chorus.*)

(Exit procession at L. with Mrs. M. and Julia.)

(Enter Mike and Pete at R.)

Zeph. That ere tune hez got a "go" to it like the tunes in the army when I carried the colors up Mission Ridge. Them wuz tunes. They'd make your blood bile, Josh, like the water in the tea kittle.

Josh. And they kin say what they please about women runnin' things jes' because they

git up a percession. But when I seed the widder and the two gals o' Jack Kimbrough in that parade and remembered how they killed him in cold blood in a fight in Tim's saloon it purt' nigh made the draps come to my cheeks. And the widder's back bent a-washin' clothes and one o' the gals tuk out o' school to hep her.

Zeph. Well, Josh, d'ye think the 'lection's goin' dry?

Josh. I ain't a-sayin' a word, Zeph., I ain't a-sayin' a word.

Shifty. (Looking after procession.) That's a pretty sight, ain't it? The idea of a lot of sissy men running around joining a lot of fool women fighting the liquor interests! (Comes forward toward Hardin as he finishes.) A man that is a man won't do it.

Hardin. Oh, I don't know, Shifty. George Washington wasn't any sissy—any coward. And he fought against liquor in the patriot army with all his might. The British redcoats soon found what kind of stuff there was in him.

Zeph. That's right. George Washington was a nat'ral born soldier. (Proud of being a soldier himself to claim comradeship with Washington.)

Shifty. Well that's only one of them.

Hardin. And Abe Lincoln was something of a man, too; and he discouraged the use of liquor wherever he could. He said that many

a good man had had his feet tangled up by using that "miserable stuff."

Zeph. "Three cheers fer 'Father Abraham!'" Hurrah fer the "Rail-splitter!" Them's the kind o' men to talk about!

Shifty. But times have changed. Those are all old fellows.

Hardin. How about Gen'l. Fred Grant, then? He led the Anti-Saloon procession in Chicago the other day, and he said that liquor was doing Uncle Sam's army and the country mo e harm than anything else. He said, too, that he himself had tried to be a moderate drinker; but had found it impossible. He must never touch the stuff if he wanted to be a man.

Shifty. Well, I don't believe it.

Zeph. What, don't believe General Grant's son! Well, when his daddy used to tell us boys a thing was so, it was so, you bet your life. And I guess his son's jes' a chip off the old block. You kin never git a feller what carried the colors o' the old Seventy-ninth up Mission Ridge to doubt a Grant!

Josh. I don't know anything about this army question, men; but I kin show you what liquor is doin' right around here. There's Zeke Stone. His three hands got drunk after the hay was cut down, and the rain come and spoiled it all. There's where $2 worth of poor whiskey ruined $200 worth of good timothy hay. Taxes, eh? Well, I guess that 'ud a paid taxes on his field fer twenty years!

Tobe. (Laughing.) Ain't that the truth?

Josh. And that team of bay hosses o' Jim Scott's. He got drunk, too, and run his team off the abutment o' the Turtlecreek Bridge, killed both hosses and broke his arm besides. I offered him $400 fer the team jes' the day before, and breakin' his arm knocked him out o' anyway, $100 besides.

Tobe. Do you believe that, Shifty? Walk over with me to Jim's. He'll tell you the same thing.

Josh. I ain't no scholar, Shifty. But for the $4,000 that the saloons pay to this county we lose in crops, stock, damage and labor a *hundred* times that much! Yes, more than that! You can figur' it up; for every part of the county hez jest these same kind o' losses from booze. And besides there's the cussedness o' drunkards to their wives and children. Talk about savin' taxes!

Goat. T-a-a-a-x-e-s! T-a-a-a-x-e-s! (Goat may be left behind scenes this time, if preferred.) (Laughter.)

Josh. Even the goat knows the saloons don't save any taxes.

Hans. Yah, even a calf with wabbled-legs knows petter dan dot! (Laughter.)

Mike. But I don't believe in anybody a-tellin' me what I shall eat and drink.

Hardin. But, Mike, when what you eat and drink might cause the injury of another, should you drink it?

Mike. I takes a drink when I feels like it. *But I never make no hog* o' myself. (Laughter.)

Hardin. Many a man, Mike, has thought so before, and yet liquor has got the best of them. They were too wise to let it alone. Just as men are too wise to keep their hands away from the buzz saw or out of the corn shredder.

Hans. Dot's right! Dey vants to act some schmart, ain't it?

Hardin. It is too late to save your fingers after your arm is torn off. And so it is too late to overcome a habit after it has overcome you.

Mike. It'll never git the best o' me. I kin stop whenever I want to. I takes a drink now and then; but I never *makes a hog* o' myself! (Laughter.)

Hans. No, you vas too leedel. You shust makes *von shoat* mit yourself.

Pete. Aw, sauerkraut, keep out o' this when gints is discussin' things! (Looks timidly at Zeph. Battle as though fearing the crutch again.)

Shifty. But you know that voting a county dry always kills business.

Hans. Yah, it kills the coroner's pizness. Not so much drunk men killed for him to go see vat drubble killed 'im so k-vick. Ain't it, Shifty? Helps pizness, skunks!

Hardin. No, I think it does not help business. Less than 5% of the money now spent

at the saloon now comes back to the producer of the corn, rye, apples, hops that the liquor is made of and more than 95% goes to the brewers, distillers and saloon keepers. But when we close the saloons most of this money will be paid out for shoes, milk, clothes, books, and other useful articles. Men can then buy and pay cash who used to ask for credit; and this makes business.

Pete. But the fellers goes to other towns to spend their money for liquor.

Hans. So much de petter fer de town; and better still if dey would move out and schtay out.

Shifty. Well, what right has the farmer to vote our towns dry?

Hardin. Don't the saloons turn their drunks out on our country roads every Saturday night, to drive like mad and run into people? Didn't drunken Abe Allen run into Sadie Brown on the road and kill her after he got drunk in town?

Hans. Do the saloon-keepus owm der roads?

Hardin. Haven't the farmers a right to protect their children against drunken drivers by voting the town dry so as to make the country roads safe?

Josh Williams. And after they get drunk in town Saturday night what good are the young fellers to work on the farm Monday morning? Not any, sleepy, and complainin' and grouchy.

I've lost many a Monday's—and Tuesday's work, too, by sich foolishness.

Shifty. But you will have to admit that the saloon puts money in circulation.

Hans. So does de schmall-pox put him in circulation! You have to pay de doctor, de nurse, de man vat sells de schmoke stuff vat fumbledegates de house to disimfect him—and den—maybe—you hafs to pay de undertaker already, too. De schmall-pox circulates your money. Did you vant to haf dot schmall-pox already to circulate de moneys? I don't, by shiminy gracious!

Zeph. So did the War put money to circulation? But in gittin' money circulatin' it stopped the circulatin' of some of the best blood in the country. My, how I've seen the boys bleed on the battle field! No more sich circulatin' fer me!

Shifty. But it don't do any good to vote a county or town dry. There's more liquor drunk under prohibition than under license.

Hardin. Surely, Mr. Shifty, you are not in earnest! That is really a huge joke! If that is so, why then are liquor men always so anxious to defeat prohibition and county option? If it didn't lessen the amount of liquor sold by them do you think they would oppose it?

Hans. Course dey vouldn't; Schifty, vot makes you talk so foolish as dot?

Zeph. to Tobe. What d'ye think of his argufyin', Tobe? Pretty hot shot, ain't it?

Shifty. Of course, I don't believe myself that the saloon ought to be out in the country where the police can't regulate it. But nobody ought to stop it being in the town.

Hardin. What difference does that make? The leader of your party, Wm. Jennings Bryan, says: "The saloon is a nuisance. The evil can no more be confined to the building in which it exists than the odor of a slaughter-house to the block in which it is located. I know and you know that they are in league with every other form of evil in society. As a rule, if you let the liquor dealer have his way, he will have a disorderly house upstairs, he will have a gambling den in his back room and his place will become the center of every sort of evil."

Zeph. That's right, Josh. Everybody knows it's so.

Hardin. That's even so. And more; the saloon is the bureau of information for every sort of crime, the distributing center for all kinds of low literature. The policeman always goes to the saloon first to look for crime, but he never goes there to look for decency and virtue. Would you want one next your home, Mr. Shifty?

Hans. Dot's right! Dot's right! Vould you vant a glue factory or von ob dem fertiliz' plants nextside your house? Dot saloon is vorse. Vat more you vant—the deffil himself nextside you?

Shifty. Well, pedagogue, you repeat what the women have told you pretty well. But I wouldn't be tied to any woman's apron string.

Hardin. And, as I said before, I won't be tied to a saloon keeper's beer-pump. Now I want to tell you something. Paw-Paw County is going to vote on the saloon question in thirty days and when she does "Old Paw-Paw" is going dry!

Zeph. (Getting excited.) Hot zickety! I kind o' think she will myself.

Shifty. (All the wets join in jeers and ridiculing laugh.) What'll you bet? (Displays bills.)

Hans. Vat, Schifty, been playin' de ponies again already?

Shifty. I'll leave it to Josh. Ain't it going wet, Josh?

Josh. "I ain't a-sayin' a word, boys; I ain't a-sayin' a word." (Aside.) But I may say somepin' after she goes dry.

Shifty. I'll bet you. Money is what talks.

Hardin. I don't bet. But public opinion is changing very rapidly on this saloon question. People are beginning to see that the only persons who are benefited by saloons are those who are interested in the business.

Shifty. How ridiculous! You don't know.

Hardin. Well, you'll see it. There is nothing in these liquor arguments but an attempt to pull the wool over people's eyes. The saloon is a crafty enemy. It works upon the joviality

and weakness of men, and cares little how much it injures them.

(Enter Mrs. Morgan, Julia and Ralph at L. Mrs. Morgan's arm about Ralph fondly.)

Mrs. Morgan. Mike, your boy Ralph recited a poem to us the other day that was fine. Do you care if he recites it here?

Mike (hesitating). All right, Ralph, go ahead. I ain't a-carin'. (After Ralph begins he looks on proudly.)

Mrs. Morgan. The poem is called *"The Story."*

Ralph recites:

Only the lure of a bar room;
"A drink! Just a social glass!"
"Another!" and yet another;
Gaily the moments pass.

Only a habit fastened,
Deep-rooted beyond control;
Only a blasted manhood;
Blight of a youthful soul.

Only reverses of fortune;
A revel to drown his woe;
Only a look within him:
"What, have I fallen so low!"

Only remorse of conscience;
Despair that tastes of hell;
Driftwood for maudlin currents
To bear him along at will.

Only a staggering drunkard,
Now careless what the end,
Reels into Death's cold clutches—
Abandoned! Without a friend!

Only a shortened service
Recounts an aimless strife.
See what our liquor brings us—
Only a wasted life!

(Applause.)

Mrs. Morgan. Fine, Ralph, fine! (Mike shows he is pleased at Ralph's effort.) Yes, that is what it comes to exactly. "Only a wasted life!" But then, think, too, of the distressed life of the drunkard's family!

Hardin. That's it exactly! The misery it causes. We may talk of the saloon saving taxes, making business, and all such misstatements; but if these statements were all true—and they are far from it—I would still be against them. For there is only one question for a man to answer in all this discussion and that is, "Do saloons do more harm to our fellowmen than *no saloons?*" If they do more harm than no saloons, then it is our duty to vote them out.

Mrs. Morgan. Who can vote for the saloons when they cause so much trouble? When you go into the home of the drunkard's family and see the pleading, sunken eyes of his wife and the sad longing in the faces of his children? When you think of the hours of anguish they spend waiting for him to return from the saloon, and know that even then instead of kindness he may bring home only blows and curses? Who has not seen the mother singing her fretful child to sleep with loving lullabies, her nerves all the while unstrung with care and overwork and her mother's heart slowly breaking at the thought of the suffering, the neglect and the disgrace of her poor chil-

dren? Can a man vote to keep up such misery as this and still call himself a man?

(Cheers from the "drys." Men, except Hardin, exeunt at R. Mrs. Morgan and Julia at L.)

Hardin. Well, well, after all, it takes the sympathetic touch of a woman to picture the sentimental side of this liquor question. But here comes Tobe.

(Enter Tobe at R. "spruced up.")

Tobe. (Hurrying over to Hardin.) Say, Hardin, wasn't that the widow Morgan talkin'?

Hardin. Indeed it was. But bless us all, Tobe! "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" (Looking at Tobe's clothes.)

Tobe. Now, Hardin, don't go makin' fun of a feller what ain't used to "sprucin' up" much these days.

Hardin. But Tobe, where did you get that fancy white vest?

Tobe. That was handed down from my grandfather, Col. Pendle, of Old Va.

Hardin. And the fob chain?

Tobe. From the same ancestor.

Hardin. And those trouserings? (takes hold of them; pulls them out wide)—those breecheletes?

Tobe. Same. (Both laughing.) You see he was quite a swell in his day. But he lost all he had at cards and drink; and none of the rest of us has ever swelled much since. So I thought his swell clothes 'ud have to do me.

Hardin. Why, man are you going to a dress ball?

Tobe. Nope, but I'm goin' to start the ball a-rollin' tho' with the Widow Morgan.

Hardin. Well, you look like a bluejay in the mating season.

Tobe. I ain't no bluejay; but if I don't get a mate soon it won't be my fault. (Looks slyly about.) But don't you tell anybody that. Hot zickety! Widow Morgan invited "Mr. Tobias Harris" to supper, did she? (Tobe swells up proudly.)

(Enter Hans, laughing uproariously, at L.)

Hans. Och, but dot vas funny! Och, Och, but dot vas very funny, shure!

Hardin. Why, Hans, what amuses you so much?

Hans. Mine shimminy gracious, but dot vas funny! de dog tore de breechin' off dot tramp preety near already; and de poy a tryin' to make him schtop! My, but dot vas a shmart poy! He's trained dot dog to follow the schmell of a dramp. He follows de schmell of anything de poy says so.

Tobe. What's the matter, Hans?

Hans. (Laughing.) Och, ah, ah, Vell, a dramp coom fer somtings to eat at mine porch. Mine vipe she give him it; den she missed some clodings off the clods line, and she say "dot tramp, he took 'em avay." Shamey and his dog was dere und Shamey put dot dog's nose to de dramps steps und told him "get dot

tramp." Den dey vent tru the barn-yard, tru the cornfield, out to de hay cock and dere sleepin' under nodings but flies vas dot dramp. Dot dramp he got right up already and he runned fer de road ven he heard Shamey comin' mit de dog, mine vipe's towels hangin' out o' his pocket. But dot dog (Och, Och, Och; but it vas funny), dot dog he got him on de road and he chewed his breechin' up in strips. Ven I come up to him I says, "Vell, did dot dog bite you?" And dot dramp he said, "No, he didn't bite me; but he tore my breechin all up, and the clodings off om me." Den I said to de tramp, "Och, vell; he vas shust *von pup yet already;* he vill do *better next time.*" Och, och, but it vas funny, funny! Dot vas a schmart dog to schmell out a dramp dot vay!

Hardin (laughing). Jamie *is* a smart boy.

Tobe (laughing). "He vill do petter next time." Hans, you're a good one!

(Exeunt, all laughing, at R.)

Scene 2.—Mrs. Morgan's yard and house. Evening. Julia dressed for housework, with apron, etc.

(Enter Mrs. Morgan and Julia at porch. Mrs. M. dressed for milking cows.)

Mrs. M. Well, Julia, I'll go milk while you get supper. The men'll be here bye and bye, and we'll hitch up and go to the meeting. That young man Hardin is a bright and good fellow;

but don't be afraid to talk to him, Julia. All women have the advantage of men in talking, you know. (Exit.)

Julia. Ah, me! But how well Mr. Hardin argued that question! So fair, so kind, and gentlemanly; yet so firm and determined! I fear I ought not to see much of him. (Sighs.) But here they come. (Enter Hardin and Tobe.) Good evening, Mr. Hardin; how do you do, Mr. Harris? Come up on the porch. Have chairs. (Hardin walks up on porch while Tobe looks confusedly about for Mrs. Morgan.)

Tobe. Well, er, Miss Julie, where's the Widder—Mo—er where's Mrs. Morgan?

Julia. She's out in the lane milking, Mr. Harris.

Tobe. Well, I guess I'll go out and help her. (Aside.) I kind o' hate to git my grandpap's breeches and white vest mussed up, too.

Hardin. (Calling after Tobe.) Be careful, Tobe, about those clothes of yours!

Tobe. Never you mind, Hardin, that vest'll wash; and the bree—*the rest of 'em* 'll clean. (Exit Tobe at L.)

Julia. Here's a book, Mr. Hardin, while I get supper. Are you fond of poems?

Hardin. Yes, I read them quite often.

Julia. Excuse me a few minutes. (Exit into house at R.)

Hardin. (Examining book.) James Whitcomb Riley's "That Old Sweetheart of Mine"!

I wonder if Julia is to become the "living presence" that the poem speaks of? No telling. There's something about that girl that sends a thrill clear through me now and then. And how she stirs things around there in that dining-room and kitchen! There's a home-maker! But here comes Tobe and the widow. I'll get into my book.

(Enter Tobe and Mrs. Morgan. Tobe carries pail.)

Tobe. Pretty fine Plymouth Rock chickens you have, Mrs. Morgan!

Mrs. M. Yes, we like them. If you will come over some time, Mr. Harris, I will give you a setting of eggs.

Tobe. Obleeged to you, Mrs. Morgan, I'll come.

Tobe. Do you always do the milking, Mrs. Morgan?

Mrs. M. Yes, except when Julia helps. Hired help is so scarce and uncertain. It isn't like the help in one's own family. They take no interest.

Tobe. No; that's true. Hired help seldom tends to things as you would do it yourself. They won't milk the cows—dry—er—er—do anything right, will they? (Aside.) I wonder if she'd like to get a first-rate hand to join her own family? Wouldn't I feel *up in the world then,* though? (Goat butts Tobe, sending him up in the air. He falls forward and picks himself up. Milk pail spilt.) Goat

bleats, "T-a-x-e-s!") Well, I reckon *I felt up in the world then,* anyway! But it didn't hurt—er—(feels his hip)—er—not much.

Julia. Why, did that miserable goat, Billy, jump the fence? No, I believe you men left the gate open. So, you see, Mr. Harris, the goat rewarded you for your negligence. (Laughing.)

Tobe. I wouldn't call it a reward, Miss Julie. (Feels his hip.)

Julia. But I hope he didn't hurt you seriously. Well, supper's ready! All walk in to supper.

(All exeunt at R.)

SCENE 3.—Scene at "Cropper's Corners"—street or roadway. A day intervenes between this scene and the last one.

(Enter Tim, Mike and Pete at R.)

Tim. They tell me she had another o' them temp'rance rallies over at Red Rock School House last night, and the softy Hardin and her made big speeches agin saloons and 'bused us fellers; and even Tobe Harris shot it into us about saloons. I'll git him next. They won't be so lippy after to-night. I'll teach these yap farmers to mind their own business and not meddle with town affairs. But how about the burnin', Mike?

Mike. No; I ain't a-goin' ter do it. I ain't tuk a drink fer two days, and I've got a feelin' agin burnin' her out myself. But I

won't tell nothin' I know if anybody else does it.

Pete. The coward! He said he would if I would.

Tim. Well, Pete, you and me'll go and light up her barn, anyway; and we'll stop her shootin' off her mouth about temp'rance fer a while.

Pete. Now, uh, ah, Tim, I've got ter git them things I left at Barney's. I couldn't help to-night. I—ah—ah—got ter git 'em right away.

Tim. Aw, both o' youse fellers afeard! Give me the ile and waste. I'll show youse fellers who's got the nerve! Now youse fellers hez swore never to peach?

Pete. Not us.

Mike. You know we never blow on our friends and what they's done.

Pete. Here's somebody a-comin'. We must vamoose!

(Exeunt at R.)

SCENE 4.—Night. Mrs. Morgan's yard in front of house. Settee in yard.

(Enter Mrs. M. and Julia.)

Mrs. M. Well, Julia the votes are all in now, the polls are closed, and the ballots are being counted. What a hush and strain there seems to be in the very air, as though the anxiety of the people were charging the very

atmosphere. I can hardly wait to hear the result. But I presume we'll know by morning.

Julia. I have been feeling the same way, Aunt Amanda. But I guess we need not worry. Don't you feel sure that it will go dry?

Mrs. M. We can never tell. I hope so. (They go into the house.)

(Enter Tobe, "spruced up.")

Tobe. (Looking about.) She said, the night of the speechifyin', "Come over some time, Mr. Harris, and make a neighborly call." Well, I'm here the very next night fer to git that settin' o' eggs. But I ain't got sand enough to rap on the door. Brace up, "Tobias;" somepin's got ter be done! (Raps.)

Mrs. Morgan (at door). Good evening, Mr. Harris. Come in.

Tobe. No. Thank'ee. I jes' come over to git that—settin'—o' eggs.

Mrs. Morgan. Just be seated here then (points to settee in yard), Mr. Harris; I'll have Julia get them. She's the poultry woman. (Smiles, knowingly.) If he only knew how well women can read him. The lonely old bachelor! (Goes out and quickly returns.) Julia will get them. (Tobe appears somewhat embarrassed; but recovers himself. Widow smiles aside.)

(A sharp sound is heard behind Tobe. He jumps and turns about.)

Mrs. M. What is the matter, Mr. Harris?

Tobe. Why, Mrs. Morgan, I was a-thinkin' it might be that tarnation Billy goat o' yourn again.

(Mrs. Morgan laughs.)

Mrs. Morgan. Oh, no; it was the gate slamming.

Tobe. Well, do you—keep—him penned up safe o' nights? (Feels his hip where the goat hit him before.)

Mrs. M. Oh, yes, he's in the back lot now. Billy's not very active in the night time. Come sit down, Mr. Harris.

(Mrs. M. sits down.)

Tobe. (Still rubbing his hip.) But he's active enough in daytime to make up fer it, Mrs. Morgan. (Tobe sits down awkwardly beside her.)

Mrs. Morgan. What a beautiful night, Mr. Harris.

Tobe. Yes, I was a thinking' as I walked through the meader it was the beautiful-est night—I had seen—fer a long time. Who's going to help you with your hay, Mrs. Morgan? (Trots his crossed legs awkwardly.)

Mrs. Morgan. I really don't know. Good help is so scarce. I may have to lose part of it unless my neighbors lend a hand.

Tobe. Well, I'll help. I have no hay this summer and I can get another hand, too.

Mrs. Morgan. You are very kind; but I don't like to impose upon you.

Tobe. No imposin' at all, Mrs. Morgan. I'll be glad to do it. But wasn't that a great temperance parade! And everybody says *you* was the cause of it.

Mrs. Morgan. How kind of them. We did try to get the children to make a good procession.

Tobe. And it's all due to your workin' it up, too.

Mrs. Morgan. You are so kind, Mr. Harris. It is pleasant to have our efforts appreciated by our friends. (Smiles on Tobe. Tobe gets restless and moves up closer.)

Tobe. Yep, I appreciate 'em. (Swings his crossed leg.) You and Julia looked so nice, too, Mrs. Morgan.

Mrs. Morgan. Why, Mr. Harris, you are too complimentary, I fear.

Tobe. What are you a feard of? Not of me, are you?

Mrs. Morgan. Oh, no; I mean you are so very kind to say so, Mr. Harris.

Tobe. Oh, can't you call me Tobe?

Mrs. Morgan. But our relations have not been *close* enough for that—*yet,* Mr. Harris. (Smiles encouragingly.)

Tobe. Well, then I can git *closer* if—you'll call—it to me. (Moves up closer with some hesitation. Widow smiles encouragingly.) And —Mrs. Morgan, you wuz a-sayin' that hired help don't take the interest that members of the family does. 'Bout that hay, won't you let

me put it up as a member of the family? And milk the cows—and—er—Oh, *won't you marry me,* Amandy?

(Enter Julia behind the settee with basket.)

Julia. Here's your setting of eggs, Mr. Harris.

(Mrs. M. and Tobe rise surprised and separate. Tobe looks a little sheepish and walks to front of stage.)

Tobe. (Aside.) Darn that settin' o' eggs. I didn't want the hatchin' things, nohow. I ain't got a settin' hen on the place.

Julia. Oh, pardon me for intruding. (Smiles and looks knowingly at them.)

Tobe. Thank 'ee, Miss Julie, fer—the—eggs. Wal, I 'spect I'll have to be a goin' to set the old hen, now.

Julia (playfully). What, at night time, Mr. Harris? (Smiles. Exit.)

Mrs. Morgan. Oh, don't go, Mr. Harris. Your conversation was getting so interesting. (Smiles encouragement at Tobe. Sits down again on settee. Tobe sheepishly joins her.) You were saying something about the hay harvest and the cows, I believe, Mr. Harris.

Tobe. That didn't have much to do with it. (Widow smiles coyly. Tobe braces up and slides over close to her.) What I wanted to know was, "Will you marry me?" (Puts his arm around her.)

Mrs. M. Yes, Tobe. And may I take care of that swell white vest your grandfather left you?

Tobe. (Kisses her.) Yes, and all my other worldly goods, Mandy.

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE 5.—Living room of Josh Williams' house. A rocker near the window. Night.

Josh Williams. (Enters half dressed with one suspender hanging loose; in stocking feet. Stumbles against rocker.) Gorsh blame them cheers! And ouch, my corns! Confound the dog a-barkin' anyhow! (Goes to window and looks out.) Sarah! Sarah Ann! Come here, quick! Widder Morgan's barn's on fire! Come here, quick!

(Sarah replies sleepily and then comes to join him at window.)

Sarah. Oh, mercy me! Who could have done so mean a thing? Some of the liquor men, I know.

Josh. I kind o' thought she'd better not talk so much agin saloons.

Sarah. "Talk agin saloons" indeed. If they wasn't some good women to talk agin saloons, we'd never get rid o' them. Blessed little you men 'ud ever do agin 'em. But to think o' burnin' a widder's barn, and she alone and helpless.

Josh. But what's that a-runnin' along the fence toward the barn?

Sarah. Where?

Josh (pointing). Right over there. See it? Why, it's Jamie and his dog pullin' like mad at Jamie's strap. That's what the dog's been a-barkin' at—the fire. And Jamie got down to him and started over there before I got to the window.

Sarah. That's—a—fact—ye-es it is. The boy's goin' over to get a scent. Josh, run after him. Get over there quick.

Josh. Look, the boy's found somethin' at the tree next the barn.

Sarah. And he's lettin' the dog smell of it. There he goes. See how old "Anti" pulls at his strap—there—down the lane. Get your shoes on and go over there quick and help him. Call Hardin as you go. Oh, mercy me; what will all this come to? Just to think o' burnin' out a poor defenseless woman that's lost her husband through drink, and can't even try to save other men and women from suffering and pain without having her property destroyed! (Josh returns and exits.) (After a pause.) There go Josh and Hardin! I never saw Josh run so since he got the rheumatiz. See him git over that rail fence! Now they're caught up with Jamie; and the dog pullin' at the strap as if it was mad! How bright the fire makes everything! I can see as if it was day. There they run toward the pond and onto the bridge, and oh, they are turning down the road straight for Tim Sullivan's. I wonder if he did it? Oh, oh, oh, the dog leaps aginst his

gate and there—yes, now the men rush into his yard. Oh, I hope he won't shoot them. Now they are at his door—and all go in. O, I have no doubt that wretch did set the barn on fire. Gracious me, how sorry I feel for the Widow Morgan!

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE 6.—Early next morning. Scene: "Croppers Corners." Roadway or street.

(Enter Tobe at R. and Hardin at L.)

Tobe. Good morning, Hardin.

Hardin. How are you, Tobe?

Tobe. Well, Hardin, I wish the fire last night had started while I was there. I was over to the Widow's till eight o'clock; but Tim must a set it on fire after that time. But tell me, how did you get wind of it so soon after it started?

Hardin. Jamie Williams, it seems, heard his dog—that he calls "Anti-Saloon" barking, and got up out of bed to see what was the matter with him. When he got out in the yard there was "Anti" barking like mad and looking toward the fire, running toward the fence and back to the door to arouse his young master.

Tobe. How lucky!

Hardin. Yes. And the boy half dressed put the collar and leash on the dog and started toward the burning building. Soon afterwards Josh went to the window and saw the fire and came after me. The boy and dog were on the

scent when we started. We could see them plain as day by the light of the fire. We ran as we haven't run for years and overtook the boy in front of Tim's house. But here they come now. (Enter Josh, Jamie and dog at R.) How did you give "Anti" the scent, Jamie?

Jamie. They was some fresh waste that smelled o' coal oil down beside the elm tree next the bar, and fresh shoe prints around it. I give "Anti" the scent, and gee whiz! how he pulled on that strap! Look at my hands. They's all blistered, holdin' him!

Tobe. (Looking at Jamie's hands.) They are fer a fact!

Hardin. Well, he must have pulled hard! (Looks at hands.)

Jamie (continuing). He tuk me through the old brick yard, the hog lot that's full o' burrs, and down the lane straight to Tim's house. And I was a-gettin' sceert; fer I didn't know what next to do, when just then pop and you comes up. Then you saw "Anti" jumpin' up on Tim's door.

Hardin. Yes, he jumped up against the saloon keeper's door as though to batter it in. Josh and I went right in, although we knew it was dangerous to do so. Tim was in bed with his boots and clothes on, burrs on his clothes, and tracks of the red brick clay lay on the floor and some yet on his boots; and his hands and clothes smelled of coal oil. We collared him. Soon there was a crowd around

and the officer took him. The pen will hold him for a while; and there will be at least one fire-bug less to worry about in "Paw-Paw County."

Tobe. My, but that was lucky! Three cheers for Jamie and the dog! (Tobe and Hardin come to front of stage.)

Tobe. But say, Hardin, how about Julie!

Hardin. (Laughing.) I put a question to her last night that made that maiden blush—made her a *"Maiden Blush,"* in fact, and she said "Yes."

Tobe. Shake, boy; and I put the same question to the widder, Amanda Morgan, and made her a "Widder Blursh;" and she said *"Yes, Tobe."* Whoopee! Watch me walk on air!

Hardin. I thought you said she was a "Pippin?"

Tobe. I did; she's both! She's the *whole apple orchard!*

(Enter Mrs. Morgan, Julia, Mrs. Williams and crowd cheering.)

Mrs. Morgan. "Hurrah, hurrah, the county's dry at last!"

Mrs. Williams. By 139 votes! No more saloons!

Another Voice. Whoopee, hurrah, hurrah, no more booze in Old Paw-Paw!

Voice. Too good to be true! Dry by a good majority!

(All get excited, shake hands, some stroke others on the back, etc.)

Tobe. Well, Josh, you've always been sayin' whenever the wets 'ud ask you which way it was going: "I ain't a-sayin' a word, boys, I ain't a-sayin' a word." What are you sayin' now?

Josh Williams. Still sayin' the same thing; and, Tobe, since I thought it was a-goin' dry I wrote out a poem about it and called the poem *"I Aint a Sayin' a Word, Boys, I Aint a Sayin' a Word."* I was a-goin' to read it to the fellers what's been braggin' it would surely go wet.

Several. Oh, Josh, writ a powm! Let's hear it! recite it!

Josh (recites poem)—*"I Ain't a Sayin' a Word, Boys, I Ain't a Sayin' a Word":*

"AFTER THE COUNT."

(A number of these stanzas may be omitted, if desired.)

I ain't a-sayin' a word, boys, I ain't a-sayin' a word,
About its goin' dry, boys, tho all o' you hez heard.
You said 'twuz goin' wet, boys, and a while I thought it might;
But I hadn't been around, boys, nur seen much o' the fight.

You said 'twould be a shame, boys, to close the grog shops up;
There'd be no place to git mixed drinks that sparkle in the cup.
Perhaps; but then I said, boys—tho He's no mixer's tool,
That who invented water wasn't anybody's fool.

You said you had 'em fixed, boys, four hundred had sold out,
The county would go wet, boys, and wet without a doubt.
That kind o' made me sad, boys, this sellin' votes to rum;
For why might they not sell, boys, their country and their home?

I druv out home a thinkin': Are there some who never care
Fur the pleas o' helpless children, nur the widers' humble prayer?
I kept a puzzlin' on it till my feelin's grew intense;
And I thought 'twas time we'd better be a slidin' off the fence.

We argied 'bout the taxes, and we warmed up good and hot;
But all at last concluded 'twas only tommyrot;
That if it was a fact, boys—not only campaign noise—
Instid o' savin' taxes we'd better save our boys.

We talked o' Personal Liberty; how each one had a right
To eat and drink what he might please, and have it day or night.
But has he any right, boys, to craze his reckless brain,
And stagger out to cause, boys, another's death or pain?

"The farmer; had he any right to meddle with the town?
Saloons don't boss our business; so let saloons alone."
But haven't you seen 'em crowd, boys, their "drunks" upon our roads,
A spewin' and a cussin' and a layin' on the goads?

No, boys, there's nothin' in it—no reason fur saloons;
No more than fur two fifth-wheels, ur forty midday moons.
The world is dead agin 'em, and begosh they've got to go;
Mankind is movin' up'ards, and his movin' ain't so slow.

So, when the polls wuz closed, boys, and all the votes wuz in,
I couldn't hardly stand it, till I know'd which side 'ud win.
I kind a felt the tension that seemed strainin' in the air,
O' people's heartstrings tightenin' and a stretchin' everwhere.

And when I heerd 'twas "dry," boys, I felt too good to shout;
My heart grew loud and full, boys—the load was lifted out.
I know'd that nobler manhood hed riz up to the cause,
And truth agin hed triumphed to jestify His laws.

This ain't no idle joke, boys, nur tryin' to rub it in.
If I kin help you fellers, jes' show me where't begin.
I know'd you'd all be with us if you only seen it right;
And I want to feel your shoulders in the next big moral fight.

Mrs. Morgan (clapping her hands.) Good! That's it exactly! Let's not try to "rub it in." I've lost my barn to be sure; but the insurance will repay for that. And while I have lost otherwise heavily by the fire I do not harbor any resentment. Let us help out those who may be thrown out of employment by this election—the saloon keeper and the bartender, and the rest. I am very happy over the elec-

tion and happier because of other incidents connected with it. (Smiles at Tobe.)

Tobe. Well, I guess no one's happier than I am; for Amanda Morgan has promised to become *"Mrs. Tobias Harris"* (straightens himself up proudly). And, Julie, your aunt is goin' to set all my hens fer me herself. And I'm goin' to tend to her cows and—I'll—tend—to that—blamed—Billy goat o' hers, too! You bet your life. (Laughs.)

Mrs. Morgan. And, Mr. Hardin, Tobe has entrusted to my care his white vest and the swell trousers his grandfather wore in old Va. (Hardin laughs.)

Hardin. And to me it is a double victory; for in working for a good cause I have learned to know and love the little woman who is to become my wife. Yes, people, I'm open to congratulations; for Julia Stoneman is going to close the campaign by becoming Mrs. Hardin. (Takes Julia in his arms.)

Julia. And I'm the happiest girl in the world, and the proudest to become Mrs. Hardin.

Josh. Williams. And this ketchin' the firebug proves after all, Sarah, that you was right in interferin' for Jamie and lettin' him keep the dog.

Sarah Williams. And it shows that Providence was back of Jamie's kindness and affection for the dog. Tim Sullivan's discovery seems to be a punishment for his brutality to

the poor thing. Verily, his chickens have come home to roost.

Hardin. Yes, it seems so; but let's not crow too much over our victory. Let's all go back to our homes and await the next call to public duty; and when it comes I hope you will all respond as loyally and boldly as you have done in this campaign "When Paw-Paw County Went Dry."

(CURTAIN.)

SEP 21 1911

Three New Songs

— BY —

EFFIE LOUISE KOOGLE.

Author of "In Music-Land," "Kris Kringle Jingles," "The Colonial Song Novelties," etc.

The songs of this composer are always more than singable; they combine a quaint freshness, and a novel appropriateness that is unusual. These new songs will be welcomed because of their real merit and usefulness.

A Winter Lullaby.

Surely a provoker of pleasant dreams. Beautiful lullabies are always popular, and this one will prove unusually so because of the happy combination of sensible words, appropriate for any singer, the soulful musical setting, the effective expression, the dainty and fitting piano part, and the soothing, fascinating melody. For adult singer, medium voice (d to e). 35 cents.

Little Thanksgiving Workers.

An action song for one or more little girls. Describes the preparation for the annual feast-day most effectively. A pleasing melody which little singers will relish. Not difficult. Especially appropriate for Thanksgiving, but can be adapted to any other day. 25 cents.

Thankful Bobby.

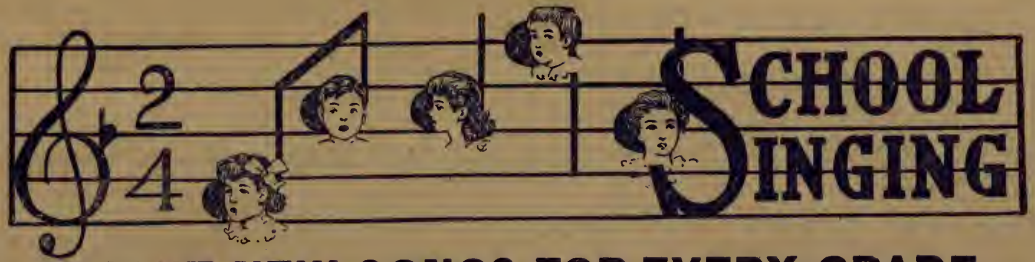
A solo for a small boy. A delightful thanksgiving number. Expressive words, a tuneful melody with range suited to a small boy's voice, and an appropriate accompaniment. Bobby gives good reasons for being thankful — from a boy's viewpoint. 25 cents.

MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers,

Lebanon, Ohio.

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

SEP 21 1911



BRIGHT NEW SONGS FOR EVERY GRADE.

IN MUSIC-LAND. A book for little singers, embracing the Elements of Music put in such a provokingly irresistable way that failing to learn would be impossible. Wonderfully different from the ordinary text book. Contains a large number of Daintiest, Cleverest, and most Pleasing Songs, both old and new, that have ever been offered for Little Tots. Peculiarly fitted for the primary room, but equally valuable to any who would learn music, or who wish a full supply of the Choicest Children's Music for Entertainments. Large 4to, elegantly printed, 50 cents.

YE MERRY TUNES FOR YE MODERN LADS AND LASSES. A successful collection of school songs, containing excellent selections for concerts, special day exercises, and other occasions. Sample 15 cents. Per dozen, $1.50.

THE NONABEL SONGSTERS. A graded Series of New School Song Books of Unusual Worth. The richest provision of School Music extant. These volumes combine the World's Best Songs, old and new. The utmost care has been taken to include only old songs of world-wide popularity, and new songs of equal merit. The result is a collection of music surpassing in excellence any previously offered. Three volumes, as follows:

THE NONABEL SONGSTER, PART I. For intermediate or Mixed Grades. $1 per dozen, postpaid. Sample 10 cents.

THE NONABEL SONGSTER, PART II. For Grammar or Mixed Grades. $1 per dozen, postpaid. Sample 10 cents.

THE NONABEL SONGSTER, PART III. For High Schools and advanced singers. $1 per dozen, postpaid. Sample 10 cts.

THE NONABEL SONG COLLECTION. Embraces Parts I, II, and III of the Nonabel Songster, complete. This volume provides a large and most satisfactory collection of popular music for all grades, and for chorus and concert work. The finest collection extant. Substantially bound in boards. Per dozen, $2.50. Sample, 25 cents.

KRIS KRINGLE JINGLES. Contains 36 of the brightest, happiest Christmas Songs, both old and new. Songs of the Christ-Child, of Jolly St. Nick, and of the Yule Tide, for young and old. Solos and Choruses abundant for Church or School Entertainment. Sample copy, 25 cents. Per dozen, $2.50 postpaid.

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SONGS. A splendid collection of the best patriotic songs. Words and music complete. 5 cents each, 50 cents per dozen, $4 per hundred.

Address all orders to MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers, **Send for catalog.**

208, 210, 212 Wright Ave., Lebanon, Ohio.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 401 650 1